Notice to Reader: When you finish reading this magazine place a 1 cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS. A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

CENTURY

FEBRUARY

"THE TIGER OF FRANCE"
BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

◆

RAEMAEKERS—A MAINSPRING OF ARMED FORCE
BY STANWOOD MENKEN

◆

SOLDIER-MAKING AT CAMP DEVENS
BY HENRY ROOD

◆

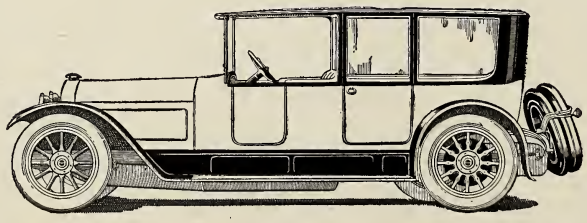
THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER
BY REBECCA WEST

1918

LOCOMOBILE

PRE NUMERO EXCELLENTIA

Excellence before numbers is more than a motto; it is more than a long established Locomobile policy; it is a practical system of building cars to secure the highest possible standards of quality.



THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA

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WHERE LINCOLN LIVED

THE ROAD ALONG THE SANGAMON AT NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS. ROAD OVER WHICH LINCOLN WALKED TO BORROW LAW BOOKS

Seventeen Drawings

Made for The Century

by

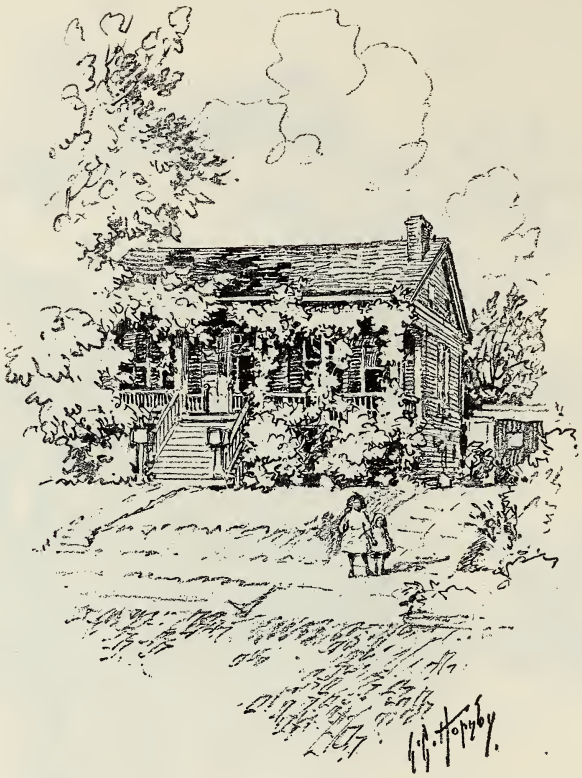
Lester G. Hornby

THE LITTLE BRIDGE AT NEW SALEM

A CORNER OF LINCOLN'S SITTING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE AT EIGHTH AND JACKSON STREETS, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

THE COURT HOUSE AT MOUNT PULASKI, ILLINOIS

THE NINIAN W. EDWARDS HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS MARRIED



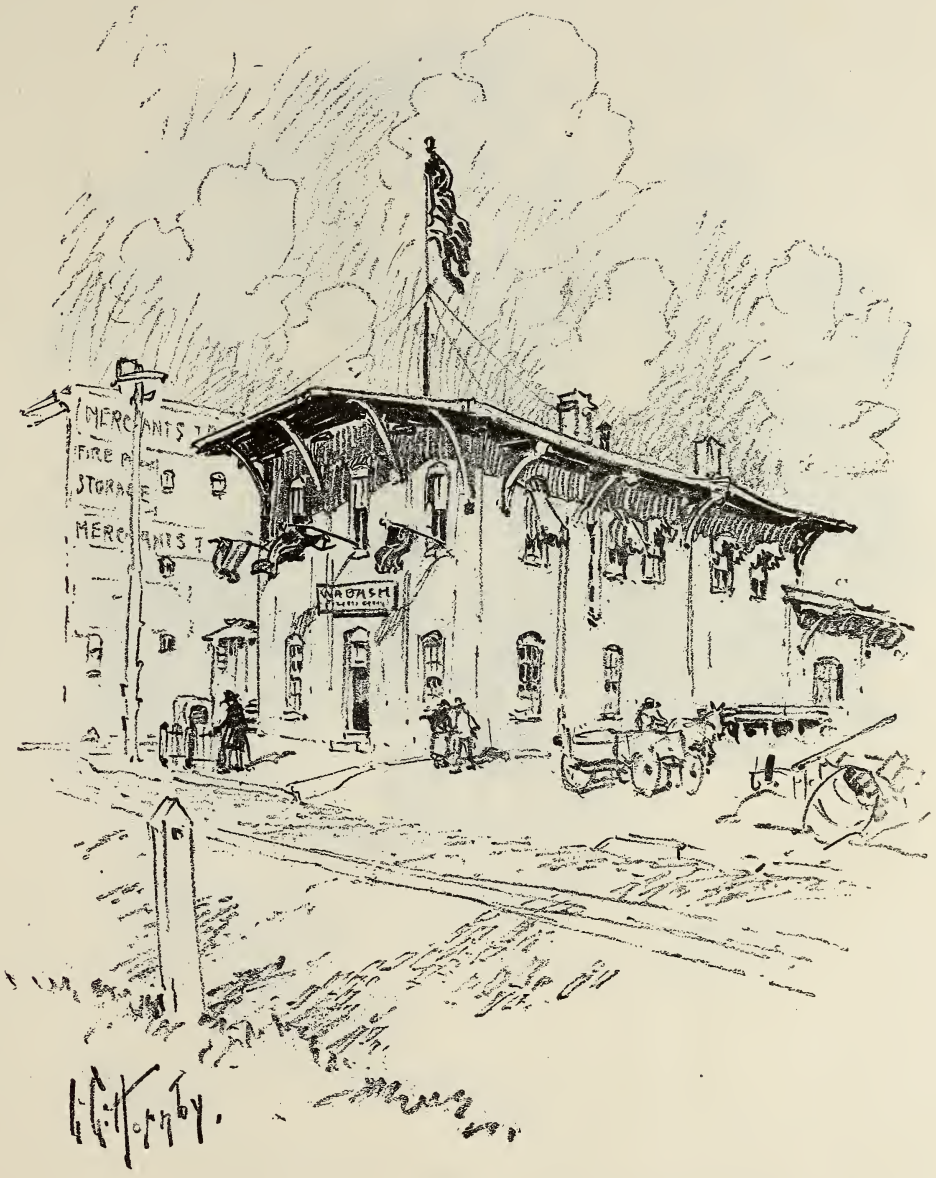
THE ROBERT IRWIN HOUSE ON FIFTH STREET, SPRINGFIELD

ON THE SANGAMON AT NEW SALEM

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT, SPRINGFIELD

THE STATE HOUSE DOME FROM EAST CAPITOL STREET, SPRINGFIELD

OLD BUILDINGS OF LINCOLN'S TIME ON THE WASHINGTON STREET SIDE OF THE GREEN, SPRINGFIELD

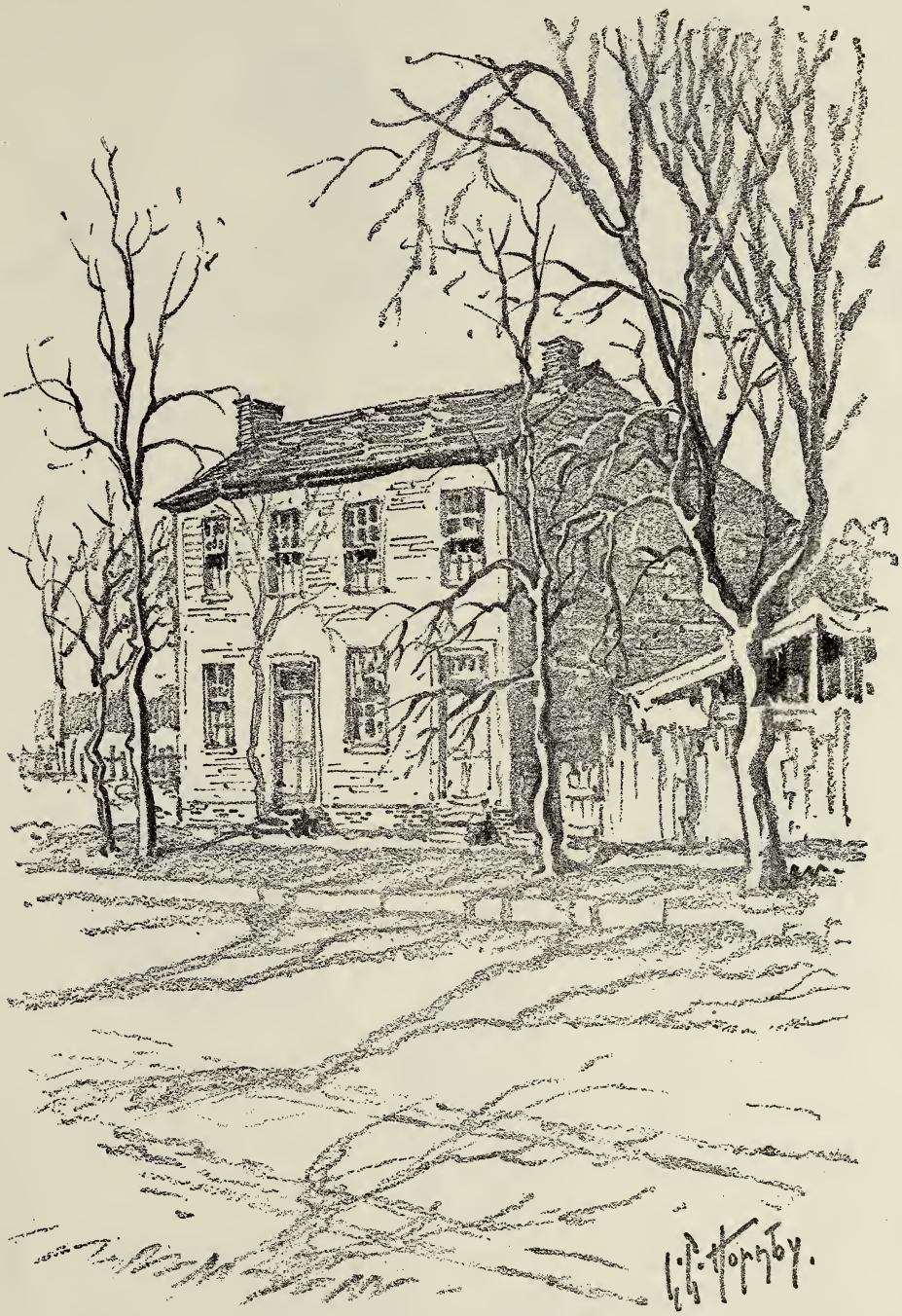


THE STATION IN SPRINGFIELD WHERE LINCOLN DELIVERED HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS ON LEAVING FOR WASHINGTON FOR HIS FIRST INAUGURATION

THE OLD STATE HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD

THE LINCOLN HOME AT EIGHTH AND JACKSON STREETS, SPRINGFIELD

THE TREE-SHADED PATH, NEW SALEM



THE OLD GLOBE TAVERN, SPRINGFIELD, WHERE LINCOLN LIVED JUST AFTER HIS MARRIAGE

MURAD
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

FAGS

By Corporal Jack Turner

What tobacco really means to a soldier has been voiced in more poetry—good, bad and indifferent, but always heart-felt—than almost any other subject of the war. Here is a poem from the British army which became so popular abroad that it has been reprinted and widely distributed.

When the cold is making ice cream of the marrow of your bones,
When you're shaking like a jelly and your feet are dead as stones,
When your clothes and boots and blankets, and your rifle and your kit,
Are soaked from Hell to Breakfast, and the dugout where you sit
Is leaking like a basket, and upon the muddy floor
The water lies in filthy pools, six inches deep or more;
Tho' life seems cold and mis'rable and all the world is wet,
You'll always get thro' somehow if you've got a cigarette.

When you're lying in a listening post 'way out beyond the wire,
While a blasted Hun, behind a gun, is doing rapid fire;
When the bullets whine above your head, and sputter on the ground,
When your eyes are strained for every move, your ears for every sound—
You'd bet your life a Hun patrol is prowling somewhere near;
A shiver runs along your spine that's very much like fear,
You'll stick it to the finish—but, I'll make a little bet,
You'd feel a whole lot better if you had a cigarette.

When Fritz is starting something and his guns are on the bust
When the parapet goes up in chunks, and settles down in dust,
When the roly-poly "rum-jar" comes a-wobbling thro' the air,
'Til it lands upon a dugout—and the dugout isn't there;
When the air is full of dust, and smoke, and scraps of steel, and noise
And you think you're booked for golden crowns and other Heavenly joys,
When your nerves are all a-tremble, and your brain is all a-fret—
It isn't half so hopeless if you've got a cigarette.

When you're waiting for the whistle and your foot is on the step,
You bluff yourself, it's lots of fun, and all the time you're hep
To the fact that you may stop one 'fore you've gone a dozen feet,
And you wonder what it feels like, and your thoughts are far from sweet;
Then you think about a little grave, with R. I. P. on top,
And you know you've got to go across—altho' you'd like to stop;
When your backbone's limp as water, and you're bathed in icy sweat,
Why, you'll feel a lot more cheerful if you puff your cigarette.

Then, when you stop a good one, and the stretcher bearers come
And patch you up with strings, and splints, and bandages, and gum;
When you think you've got a million wounds and fifty thousand breaks,
And your body's just a blasted sack packed full of pains and aches;
Then you feel you've reached the finish, and you're sure your number's up,
And you feel as weak as Belgian beer, and helpless as a pup—
But you know that you're not down and out, that life's worth living yet,
When some old war-wise Red Cross guy slips you a cigarette.

We can do without MacConachies, and Bully, and hard tack,
When Fritz's curtain fire keeps the ration parties back;
We can do without our greatcoats, and our socks, and shirts, and shoes,
We might almost—tho' I doubt it—get along without our booze;
We can do without "K. R. & O.," and "Military Law,"
We can beat the ancient Israelites at making bricks, sans straw;
We can do without a lot of things and still win out, you bet,
But I'd hate to think of soldiering without a cigarette.

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Everywhere Why?